

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,
By RUSSELL EATON,
Office over Granite Bank, Water St., Augusta.
EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.

TERMS.—One dollar and seventy-five cents per annum, if paid in advance; two dollars, if paid within the year; two dollars and fifty cents, if payment is delayed beyond the year. 50¢ Single copies, four cents.

Any person who will obtain six good subscribers shall be entitled to a seventh copy for one year.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

AUTHORIZED AGENTS.

JOSEPH S. PAGE, TRAVELING AGENT.
CYRUS BISHOP, Winslow.
THOS. FRYE, Vassalboro'.
W. M. HATCH, W. Waterville.
MR. FARRINGTON, Lovell.
D. DUDLEY, Aroostook.
M. L. COLE, E. Dover.
H. G. ROBINSON, Yarmouth.
J. B. STOYLE, Farmington.

MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIV.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1846.

N. 37.



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

PROMOTING THE GROWTH OF YOUNG

FRUIT TREES.

We have had enquiries made recently, in regard to the best mode of promoting the growth of young fruit trees, when set out in an orchard, and also, whether it would be best to cultivate an orchard or suffer grass to grow in it for mowing.

Our situation has never been such as to give us much practical experience in raising young orchards, and yet we have learned something from observation respecting the business, as well as by the management of a few trees both young and old.

It is reasonable to suppose that a young apple tree should be governed in the circumstances of its growth, and productiveness, by the same laws of vegetation that other vegetables are. 1st, that it should have the most nourishment of the right kind applied to it. 2d, that it should not be crowded or choked by other vegetables or trees that may rob it of its nourishment. For a series of the first years the ground of a young orchard should be cultivated—that is, it should be kept from being grassed over, and such low crops as will not exhaust the soil much, nor crowd the trees, be grown upon it; such as beans, potatoes, &c.

Young trees may be pushed forward in their growth in a manner that shall increase their size rapidly. This may be done by application of stimulating manure, such as animal dung, &c. But this mode is rather apt to produce a *plethora*, which brings on disease. The best manure for trees in the orchard, and which, while it makes them grow fast enough, keeps other vegetable growth as grass, &c., down, is decomposing vegetable matter, put around in considerable quantities. Of this kind may be mentioned leaves gathered from the forest—tufts from the fields or meadows or bogs—spent tan from the tanner's yard—the chips and dirt from the wood yard, &c.

In some orchards, where the soil is kept fertile by high manuring, grass may be allowed to grow, but a circle around the trees should be kept free from grass and other plants, if it be desirable to have the trees grow fast, or to bear the largest and fairest kind of fruit of which they are capable. The following was translated from the transactions of the Economical Society of Leipsic, and published in the New England Farmer many years ago. It is valuable as the results of actual experiment.

When young trees, says the writer, stand in grass land, or in gardens, where the earth is not dug up every year around them, and freed from weeds, they do not at first increase properly in growth, and will not thrive so well as those which have been planted in cultivated ground. It has been remarked also, in orchards, that the more the ground becomes grassy, and, as it were, converted into turf, the fruit is smaller and not so well tasted. The latter circumstance takes place particularly with regard to plums.

Having planted several young plum trees, I covered the ground, for some years, around the trunks, with flax straw, (refuse of flax when swelled,) by which these trees, though in a grass field, increased in wonderful manner, and far excelled others planted in cultivated ground. As far as the shows reached, the grass and weeds were choked, and the soil under them was so tender and soft, that no better mould could have been wished for by a florist.

When I observed this, I covered the ground as far as the roots extended with the same substance, around an old plum tree, which appeared to be in a languishing state, and which stood in a grass field. The consequences were, that it acquired a strong new bark; produced larger and better fruit; and that those young shoots which before grew up around the stem, and which it was necessary every year to destroy, were prevented from shooting forth, as the covering of the flax shows impeded the free access of air at the bottom of the trunk.

Last year I transplanted from seed beds into the nursery, several fruit trees; the ground around some of which I covered, as above, with flax shows.

Notwithstanding the great heat of summer, none of those trees where the earth was covered with shows, died or decayed; because the shows prevented the earth under them from being dried by the sun.

Of those trees around which the ground was not covered as before mentioned, the fourth part miscarried; and those that continued alive, were weaker than the former.

From what we quote above, and from our own limited experience, it is safe to infer, that every fruit tree should receive a certain portion of dressing of such a kind as shall be congenial to its nature, and that it should be defended from the growth of any other plant or plants which may have a tendency to rob it of the nourishment which this dressing will afford. A tree cannot make fruit year after year out of nothing, any more than an animal can grow fat without food.

RIPENING PEARS IN THE HOUSE. A correspondent of the Horticulturist complains to the Editor, Mr. Downing, that his Madeleine pears do not ripen well—that they rot at the core, &c., and asks if it is a defect common to the variety?

Mr. D. answers that the Madeleine, and indeed almost all pears, must be ripened in the house.

If you wish to be happy, keep busy; idleness is harder work than ploughing, a good deal.

There is more fun in sweating an hour than there is in yawning a century.

If picked as soon as they are fully grown and

begin to color well and part readily from the tree, they are melting, juicy, high flavored and delicious. We cannot too often urge this upon the attention of all novices in the pear culture.—When once they have made this trial they will never again think of allowing pears to ripen on the tree.

SKUNK OR WOOD CHUCK, THAT'S THE QUESTION. Bro. Knebminster, of the Ploughman, advises his friends, "to keep an eye on the wood chucks and let the skunks run."

OAT FODDER FOR HORSES.

At a discussion had at a meeting of the Dartington (Eng.) Farmers' Club, Dec. 8th, on the best and cheapest mode of keeping draught horses, during winter, Mr. Trotter said:

"I have paid some attention to the subject of keeping draught horses during the winter; for the last three years I have adopted quite a different mode from what I previously followed. My method formerly was, to allow my draught horses each two bushels of oats per week, together with one bushel of beans, and as much hay as they could eat, generally clover hay. For the last three winters, I have fed them almost entirely on cut oats—heat into half inch chaff—which has been a very great saving to me.

"In an oat crop of about forty stocks per acre, which might yield near 60 bushels, the feed of a draught horse averages two sheaves per day, or fourteen sheaves per week, which would be about a bushel and three pecks per week, if they had been threshed out, which is saving of a peck of oats per week, each horse, from what I formerly gave them; besides, I save the bushel of beans per week, and the clover hay, which was a very considerable item. When I first changed my mode of feeding, the horses improved in condition wonderfully, thus showing that it suits them well. When they are very hard worked, I allow them half a peck of oats at dinner time, besides the cut sheaf.

"Last winter I had only eighteen acres of the first freezing weather, draw the earth away from the roots to a depth of some six inches, so as to expose the large roots at their junction with the tree." When the snow comes, roll up large balls of it and place them around the bottom of the tree or, what is the same thing, shovel the snow into a heap around the tree, and in either case, pack it or beat it down till it acquires almost the solidity of ice. Throw on this charcoal dust or sawdust if you can have it, and then cover it over with straw. This would preserve the snow till midsummer, or the straw alone will perhaps keep it from melting sufficiently long for all practical purposes. When snows do not fall of sufficient depth, ice packed around the trees answers the same purpose.

The object, it will at once be perceived, is to prevent vegetation and bloom until all danger from frost is entirely past. After the spring has advanced and the weather has become decidedly settled and warm, whatever snow remains may be raked away from the trees, when, although they may look to be dead in the midst of the surrounding vegetation, they will spring into life and luxuriate with a rapidity and vigor truly astonishing. The only inconvenience is, that the bloom is so redundant, that it is necessary, when the young fruit appears, to thin it out with a notched stick prepared for the purpose, so that the tree may have no more than it can bring to the utmost maturity and perfection. The same process is said to be equally applicable to apricots, plums, cherries, pears, apples, &c.

[London Agricultural Gazette.]

SWAMP TUFTS FOR SANDY AND GRAVELLY SOILS. Messrs. Editors—I have found the tufts taken from swamp land, by making drains, after having been well rotted, and mixed with a dry, coarse, sandy or gravelly soil, far superior to the best manure from horses, cattle, or sheep. I have even tried it on very gravelly land, and I might say on land composed almost entirely of stones from the size of shot to that of cannon balls or small pumpkins, and found it greatly to increase the produce when tilled or sown to grass where your barn-yard manure seemed to vanish like ether, without any or but little beneficial effect. I have tried them in several instances on such soils as above named, and in every instance found them to answer an immediate and valuable purpose, and to be as desirable as the best of manure on other lands. The manner I have applied these tufts has been by scattering them on the land after it had become mellow by ploughing or tillage, and then by ploughing, mix them with it. The whole land after this would form a productive soil, whereas before it was hardly more adhesive than the same mass of peach stones would be.

D. W. Wendell, Mass.

[Boston Cult.

DUSTY HAY. The Maine Farmer asks, what causes dusty hay; and cites the opinion of the Massachusetts Ploughman, or a writer in it, and of some others. This subject arrested my attention years ago, in consequence of finding hay, which was put into my stable without any annoyance from dust, becoming exceedingly dusty afterward. I did not attribute this condition of the hay to a "tight barn;" for mine was neither "shingled" nor "clapboarded," and the windows were always open. But from the fact that hay was not dusty when placed in the loft, but became so in the mow, I inferred that the hay, like books, clothes, furniture, and every animal and vegetable substance, however dry when put away, had contracted mould. On examining my hay, I was confirmed in this conclusion, and have remained satisfied with it ever since.

Mould is a vegetable, consisting in this case of a stipe or stem, bearing on its summit a little globular box of minute seed, which, when ripe, escapes by the slightest jar, in the form of dust, like that of the puff-ball; and in both cases it is sometimes called "smoke." Any farmer who has good eyes or a suitable glass, can determine the truthfulness of this opinion for himself by a careful examination of his dusty hay.

[Cor. of Western Farmer.]

KEEPING PUMPKINS. Pumpkins for stock are best kept in a dry loft with the flooring quite open, so as to allow air to circulate as freely as possible between them. Were it not that they take so much room, we should prefer storing them in a single tier; but usually, for want of this, when a large crop is to be secured, they must be piled upon each other. In this case, we would recommend their not being placed more than three or four deep. If piled together in too large heaps they gather moisture and rot rapidly. When frozen they may be preserved a long time; but they should be cooked before giving them to the stock, otherwise they may do them great injury. On the whole we prefer feeding our pumpkins as fast as possible after ripening, and before the cold weather sets in. They are of a cold watery nature, and unless cooked, we doubt whether they are near as beneficial to animals in frosty weather, as they are in milder, or indeed any kind of fruit or root, though stock of a good breed use well upon them.—[Ex.

PREVENTING INCRUSTATION IN STEAMBOILERS. It has been found by experiments on the Southampton (Eng.) railway, that putting muriate of ammonia, commonly called sal ammoniac, into the boiler, will prevent the incrustation or deposit on the inside of boilers, which is frequently troublesome to engineers. About a pound of ammonia for 1500 or 2,000 gallons is sufficient. It has been found to have no effect upon the iron whatever. In order, however, to ascertain whether this substance will answer in all cases, it will be necessary to try it in places where the water used is impregnated with different substances. [British American Cultivator.]

If you wish to be happy, keep busy; idleness is harder work than ploughing, a good deal. There is more fun in sweating an hour than there is in yawning a century.

If picked as soon as they are fully grown and

begin to color well and part readily from the tree, they are melting, juicy, high flavored and delicious. We cannot too often urge this upon the attention of all novices in the pear culture.—When once they have made this trial they will never again think of allowing pears to ripen on the tree.

VALU OF CORN MEAL. It has been the opinion of most farmers, that corn cobs were of little or no value, and they have generally thrown them aside as of no use except for manure. The experience of some who have formerly fed corn and meal, and the anticipated scarcity of hay, have led nearly all of our corn growers to turn their cobs into food for their stock. To show something of the extent to which it has been used here, the following will give you some data to judge from. One mill in this town has, within the last three months, ground more than 5000 bushels of cobs, besides a large quantity of corn in the ear. This fact, I think, proves quite conclusively that cob meal is valuable as an article of food for stock. Indeed the opinion which is expressed by those who have used it, is altogether in its favor. When they get out their corn, it is not threshed entirely clean; some three to fifteen bushels of corn are left on the cobs. They are kept clean as possible till ground into meal. Cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs, eat it readily without adding other grain. When fed to cattle, in addition to hay, a marked difference in their condition and appearance is seen from those fed on hay without the meal. Some feeders mix it with other grain, roots, &c., with marked profit and success. When fed with oilcake it is found to answer an excellent purpose, as it takes up all oil without waste.

[Albany Cultivator.]

PEACHES—PEACH TREES, &c. We publish for the benefit of peach growers, some important facts connected with the cultivation of this unusual fruit. The method which we now give, is said not only to secure a plentiful crop of peaches, but to greatly improve their size and flavor.

A highly intelligent gentleman of Tennessee, who gave us the information, has practiced it for the last twenty years, and has never known it to fail—it insures him a most plentiful crop every year.

In the fall of the year, about the time of the first freezing weather, draw the earth away from the roots to a depth of some six inches, so as to expose the large roots at their junction with the tree.

When the snow comes, roll up large balls of it and place them around the bottom of the tree or, what is the same thing, shovel the snow into a heap around the tree, and in either case, pack it or beat it down till it acquires almost the solidity of ice. Throw on this charcoal dust or sawdust if you can have it, and then cover it over with straw.

This would preserve the snow till midsummer, or the straw alone will perhaps keep it from melting sufficiently long for all practical purposes.

When snows do not fall of sufficient depth, ice packed around the trees answers the same purpose.

The object, it will at once be perceived, is to prevent vegetation and bloom until all danger from frost is entirely past.

After the spring has advanced and the weather has become decidedly settled and warm, whatever snow remains may be raked away from the trees, when, although they may look to be dead in the midst of the surrounding vegetation, they will spring into life and luxuriate with a rapidity and vigor truly astonishing.

The only inconvenience is, that the bloom is so redundant, that it is necessary, when the young fruit appears, to thin it out with a notched stick prepared for the purpose, so that the tree may have no more than it can bring to the utmost maturity and perfection.

For obvious reasons, cattle are not so much transported on railroads in this country as in England, where the distances from the feeding place to the market are so much shorter. Cattle will go very well on a railroad for twelve hours together, but then they must lie down, which they cannot do in the cars like a hog, that lets itself down and sleeps upon the space upon which it stands. The charge, too, on the railroad in our country is too high. For lame bullocks that are sometimes sent from Harrisburg to the Philadelphia market, they charge half as much as it costs to drive them all the way—seven hundred and fifty or eight hundred miles—from Kentucky to New York—the one being \$8, the other estimated at about \$16.

The last of the western cattle arrive in New York about the 1st of August, when they are driven out of the market by the grass-fed herds of more neighboring regions. The cost of road expenses of a drove of one hundred head from Kentucky is about \$1500. Some of the latter drives come in on grass at a less expense; but, as before intimated, the decline or "drift" is greater than when fed on hay and corn, and the beef not so good. [Farmers' Library.]

DUSTY HAY. The Maine Farmer asks, what causes dusty hay; and cites the opinion of the Massachusetts Ploughman, or a writer in it, and of some others. This subject arrested my attention years ago, in consequence of finding hay,

which was put into my stable without any annoyance from dust, becoming exceedingly dusty afterward.

I did not attribute this condition of the hay to a "tight barn;" for mine was neither "shingled" nor "clapboarded," and the windows were always open.

But from the fact that hay was not dusty when placed in the loft, but became so in the mow, I inferred that the hay, like books, clothes, furniture, and every animal and vegetable substance, however dry when put away, had contracted mould.

On examining my hay, I was confirmed in this conclusion, and have remained satisfied with it ever since.

Mould is a vegetable, consisting in this case of a stipe or stem, bearing on its summit a little globular box of minute seed, which, when ripe, escapes by the slightest jar, in the form of dust, like that of the puff-ball; and in both cases it is sometimes called "smoke."

Any farmer who has good eyes or a suitable glass, can determine the truthfulness of this opinion for himself by a careful examination of his dusty hay.

[Cor. of Western Farmer.]

KEEPING PUMPKINS. Pumpkins for stock are best kept in a dry loft with the flooring quite open, so as to allow air to circulate as freely as possible between them. Were it not that they take so much room, we should prefer storing them in a single tier; but usually, for want of this, when a large crop is to be secured, they must be piled upon each other. In this case, we would recommend their not being placed more than three or four deep. If piled together in too large heaps they gather moisture and rot rapidly. When frozen they may be preserved a long time; but they should be cooked before giving them to the stock, otherwise they may do them great injury. On the whole we prefer feeding our pumpkins as fast as possible after ripening, and before the cold weather sets in. They are of a cold watery nature, and unless cooked, we doubt whether they are near as beneficial to animals in frosty weather, as they are in milder, or indeed any kind of fruit or root, though stock of a good breed use well upon them.—[Ex.

PREVENTING INCRUSTATION IN STEAMBOILERS. It has been found by experiments on the Southampton (Eng.) railway, that putting muriate of ammonia, commonly called sal ammoniac, into the boiler, will prevent the incrustation or deposit on the inside of boilers, which is frequently troublesome to engineers. About a pound of ammonia for 1500 or 2,000 gallons is sufficient. It has been found to have no effect upon the iron whatever. In order, however, to ascertain whether this substance will answer in all cases, it will be necessary to try it in places where the water used is impregnated with different substances. [British American Cultivator.]

CATTLE TRADE. The curious fact in *swineology* is affirmed by a Kentucky drover, that his hogs which weighed one hundred and fifty at starting, reached an average of one hundred and eighty on arriving at New York—being nearly half a pound a day while on the journey. On the other hand, the loss of weight—or "drift," as it is called—of cattle is equal to one hundred and fifty pounds, which a bullock of one thousand pounds weight at leaving home, loses on his way to the Atlantic butcher. This drift, or loss, it is observed, is chiefly first in the kidney fat and of the entrails. It has been ascertained that a hog will set out on his journey to that bourse whence no swine returns, so fat as to have no cavity or vacuum in his proportion. If, as he journeys on, you don't feed him, he lives first upon and consumes his gut fat, then his kidney fat, and lastly, his carcass wastes away.

In driving cattle, the practice is to stop (but not to feed) for an hour at mid-day, when the cattle, in less than five minutes, all lie down to rest. A drove of one hundred and twenty cattle, as easily driven as a smaller number, is usually attended by a "manager" on horseback and two footmen. One footman goes ahead, leading on the whole way, say eight hundred miles. The manager on horseback takes his station behind the first forty head

Sabbath Reading.

HOME.

"Then the disciples went away unto their own home." JOHN XX. 10.

Where burns the fire-side brighten,
Cheering the social breast?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
Its humble hopes possessed?
Where is the hour of sadness?
With mock-eyed patience borne—
Worth more than those of gladness,
Which mirth's gay cheeks adorn?
Pleasure is marked by fleetness,
To those who ever roar;
While grief itself has sweetness,
At home—sweet home!

There blend the ties that strengthen—
Our hearts in hours of grief—
The silver links that lengthen—
Joy's visits, when most brief;
There, eyes, in all their splendor,
Are vocal to the heart;
And glances, bright and tender,
Fresh eloquence impart;
Then, doth thou sigh for pleasure?
O! do not wilely room;
But seek that hidden treasure
At home—sweet home!

Dose pure religion charm thee
Far more than sight before?
Wouldst thou that she should arm thee
Against the hour of woe?
Her dwelling is not only
In temples built for prayer;
For home itself is lonely
Unless her smiles be there:
Wherever we may wander,
"Tis all in vain we roam,
If worshipless her altar,
At home—sweet home!

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE. The Bible calls the good man's life a light, and it is the nature of light to flow out spontaneously in all directions, and fill the world unconsciously with its beams. So the Christian shines, it would say, not so much because he will, as because he is a luminous object. Not that the active influence of Christians is made of no account in the figure, but only that this symbol of light has its propriety, in the fact that their unconscious influence is the chief influence, and has the precedence in its power over the world. And yet there are many who will be ready to think that light is a very tame and feeble instrument, because it is noiseless. An earthquake, for example, is to them a much more vigorous and effective agency. Hear how it comes thundering through the solid foundations of nature! It rocks a whole continent, The noblest works of man, cities, monuments, and temples, are in a moment levelled to the ground, or swallowed down the opening gulfs of fire. Little do they think that the light of every morning, the soft and genial and silent light, is an agent many times more powerful. But let the light of the morning cease and return no more; let the hour of morning come, and bring with it no dawn; the outcries of a horror-striken world fill the air, and make, as it were, the darkness audible. The beasts go wild and frantic at the loss of the sun. The vegetable growth turns pale and die. A chill creeps on, and frosty winds begin to howl across the freezing earth. Colder, and yet colder, is the night. The vital blood, at length, of all creatures stops congealed. Down goes the frost towards the earth's centre. The heart of the sea is frozen, nay, the earthquakes are themselves frozen in under their fiery caverns. The very globe itself too, and all the fellow-planets that have lost their sun, are becoming mere balls of ice, swinging silent in the darkness. Such is the light which revisits us in the silence of the morning. It makes no shock or roar. It would not wake an infant in his cradle. And yet it perpetually new creates the world, rearing it, each morning, as a prey from night and chasm. So the Christian is a light, even "the light of the world," and we must not think that because he shines insensibly or silently, as a mere luminous object, he is therefore powerless. The greatest powers are over those which lie back in the little stars and comets of nature; and I verily believe, that the insensible influences of good men are more potent than what I have called their voluntary or active, as the great silent powers of nature are of greater consequence than her little disturbances and tumults. [Dr. Bushnell.]

A CHEERFUL HEART. I once heard a young lady say to an individual, "your countenance to me is like the shining sun, for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look." A merry or cheerful countenance was one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take away from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their time if shut up in a dungeon. Every thing is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day, that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what little they have should escape out of their hands. They look always upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present, for the evil is that to come. This is not religion. Religion makes the heart cheerful, and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, men will be happy in spite of them-selves.

The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road, but with a cheerful spirit and a heart to praise God for his mercies, we may walk therein with great comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.

"Give me a calm and thankful heart,

From every murmur free;

The blessings of thy grace impart,

And make me live to thee."

THE DOMESTIC RELATION. We conceive of no more Heaven-like circle than is embraced within the limits of a virtuous and happy family. There is nothing beneath the skies more令人同情的 than such a household, where mildness and virtue go hand in hand together. Where a contented and cheerful spirit chase away the gloom of the world, and Religion, with her sweet lessons of philosophy, softens and purifies the heart. Where the head of a family is recognized and respected as such, and the greatest happiness within the circle is derived from his approving smile. Where the low sweet voice of Woman is seldom heard but in accents of gentleness and love, and the name of Mother is never uttered unassociated with some endearing epithet. Such a family can only be collected together under the influence of a happy marriage—a union of hearts as well as hands—a tie consecrated by pure and chaste affection—an engagement formed on earth, but sanctioned in Heaven. On such an union, the Angels who dwell in the bright abodes of the blest, must downward turn their spiritual eyes, and while they gaze with looks of interest and delight, in and rejoice over the same.

REVERENCE FOR AGE. Reverence is due to aged people. God, Nature, and a proper education, say to the young, "Reverence old age." Gray hairs are a crown of glory, when found in the way of righteousness.

"The dim eye,

The furrowed brow, the temple thinly clad,

The wasted page of man's infirm decline,

Mid those who reverence virtues, whom the arts

Of smooth refinement pollute—and a voice

Soblime instructs, "Honour the head that bears

The hoary crown of age."

Christianity is all mildness and beauty—it breathes nothing but pure benevolence to God, and it appeals to the best feelings of man. It is essentially a religion of love, and has no dark shades blended with its brilliant tints.

THE MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, SEPT. 10, 1846.

Probate Notices. Those of our friends who appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in the County of Kennebec, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

Job Work, of all kinds, as neatly executed, and on as reasonable terms, at the Farmer Office, as at any establishment in the State. Fancy jobs printed with all the different colored inks.

WARM WEATHER—RIPENING OFF.

For the last week we have had uncommonly warm weather, and its effects are visible on every hand in the changes that are going on in the grass, in the fields and in the streams. This weather ripens off the Indian corn very rapidly, and also has a tendency to put the little cap kernels over the tips of the cob, and completely fill it out. Apples and other fruit seem to be maturing faster than if the weather had been cold, or cloudy and wet. It is curious to note the different changes that different class of plants undergo in order to constitute ripening. In corn and grain the saccharine or sugary matter is changed into starch—while in fruits, as the apple and the pear, the starch is changed into sugar.

Liebig says if you rub unripe apples or pears on a grater to a pulp, and wash this with cold water on a fine sieve, the turbid liquor which passes through deposits a very fine flavor of starch, of which not even a trace can be detected in the ripe fruit.

Both these substances, viz: the starch and the sugar, are nutritious; but their nutritive qualities are more or less modified by other ingredients with which they are combined. We have thus far had an excellent season for giving growth to and developing the peculiar material of which grasses and fruits are composed; and if it does not become too dry, and thereby shrink up the fall feed, our farmers will have been abundantly prospered in their labors.

PATRIOTISM.

"It is the duty of every man if he has but one day to live, to devote that day to the good of his country."

[ELBRIDGE GERRY.]

It is perhaps well known to most, that the distinguished individual—whose words are quoted above, strictly fulfilled his own memorable injunction. His tomb is now to be seen in the Congressional burying ground at Washington, in which city he died Nov. 23, 1814, being then on his way to the capital to assume the responsibilities of President of the Senate. In remarking upon the character of this illustrious man, an eloquent writer very justly observes:—"While he lived, his virtue, wisdom and valor, were the pride, the ornament and security of his country, and when he died, he left an illustrious example of a well spent life, worthy of all imitation." Such, then, is the character of the true patriot. Self, as a principle of action, must be essentially abrogated—annulled; nothing indeed that does not have immediate reference to the good of our country, or which, by any possibility, would operate an influence detrimental to its vital interests, even though it might insure our own personal aggrandizement, will ever be permitted to constitute any,—not even the slightest fractional part in the policy of the true patriot. Pure patriotism was never perhaps more strikingly illustrated than in the case of Brutus the elder, who, when his sons joined in the conspiracy to restore the Tarquins, ordered their immediate execution, in order that his example of severity and justice might operate as a means of confirming the liberty of Rome. Whenever private interests come in collision with public rights, they should be sacrificed at once. Is an individual engaged in a business the legitimate and unavoidable consequences of which he knows to be detrimental to the public weal; both justice and patriotism demand its suspension. True patriotism is essentially a principle of humanity—it contemplates the good,—physical, moral and religious,—of the whole family of man, and to the attainment of this important end, its energies will ever be directed.

MORE GOOD APPLES. We have received from the generous hand of a subscriber, Mr. J. R. Taylor, of Mt. Vernon, a "lot" of the best specimens of apples we have seen for many a day. They are large, of golden hue, and eat particularly fine. They are called the Plymouth Sweetings. Many thanks to friend Taylor. We are "living high," though we don't "sleep in the garret" at present, by considerably, "on account of the weather."

"**STOPPING THE GROG.** A letter from a person in Matamoras to the New Orleans Picayune, says Gen. Taylor has ordered that no ardent spirits shall enter the mouth of the river. We suppose that is the only way he can keep it out of the mouth of his soldiers.

MORE GOOD APPLES. We have received from the generous hand of a subscriber, Mr. J. R. Taylor, of Mt. Vernon, a "lot" of the best specimens of apples we have seen for many a day. They are large, of golden hue, and eat particularly fine. They are called the Plymouth Sweetings. Many thanks to friend Taylor. We are "living high," though we don't "sleep in the garret" at present, by considerably, "on account of the weather."

"**TOO DARNED STILL.**" We once asked a Yankee, who had "peddled" out west, how he liked the Prairies.

"Why," said he, "they are the grandest pusses that you ever see, but they are *too darned still*. I *ollers* like to be where there's some kind of a racket."

EDGE TOOLS OF ANY PATTERN. Many of our hardware dealers send patterns to Sheffield, in England, for goods, and they come stamped accordingly.

"**WOULDN'T IT BE WELL** to send some of our Kenneth shavers over, and have some manufactured and labeled "Kennebec pattern?" We think they would be in good demand during the coming hard times.

COTTON CROP DESTROYED. In many sections of the South, the army worm has destroyed the cotton crop almost entirely.

PUSHING THE WAR. The Baltimore Sun says that instructions have been sent out for pushing the war in most vigorous manner. Hope it will be pushed out of existence.

THE INFATIGABLE CARDON is said to have written over the door of his study the sentence: "*Tempus ager meus*,"—time is my estate. "A good hint to himself," observes an author, "to improve, and to others, not to trespass upon it." To the really studious man, the interruptions, intended as civilities, are the most annoying things on earth.

MORE MONEY COMING. That Court of Chancery, in England, must be a sort of insatiable gulf for property. We have had rumors upon rumors of great estates in Chancery in England, to some millions of dollars, and all "going for to go" to lots of heirs in Yankeedom. Recently we hear of another estate, called the Wood estate, consisting of nine millions of pounds sterling, which was left to certain heirs of that name who live in New England. We should be glad to have it forth coming "into these diggings." The sight of it would be far preferable to the jingling of it afar off.

ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERIES. Many of the most important discoveries in Science and the Arts, have been the result of accident. Two sons of a poor optician in Holland were one day playing in his shop, and chance to look at a remote object through a couple of eye glasses, placed one before the other. They observed that the object was brought much nearer to them, and from this fact, communicated to their father, on his return, resulted a course of experiments, by the successful termination of which we are indebted for the telescope.

In old days, when Astrology had charms for every scheming genius—and when the most scientific adepts were engrossed by efforts to discover the philosopher's stone, some monks, in amalgamating their materials, by accident discovered gun powder,—an event which notwithstanding the terrible character of the material itself, has done a vast service to humanity, and greatly diminished the horrors of war.

VERMONT ELECTION. The Boston Atlas contains returns from 117 towns. Eaton, (whig,) has 13,926 votes; Smith, (democrat,) 9,726, and all other candidates, 3,844. There is little prospect of a choice of Governor by the people, but the Legislature is strongly whig, and thus the ultimate election of Mr. Eaton is rendered almost certain. In Congress, the delegation will be whig.

SEIZURE OF AMERICAN WHALERS. Mr. Bassett, a passenger in the ship Augustine Heard, at this port from Valparaiso, furnished the following information for the Merchants' Exchange:

"Ship Pantheon, (of Fall River,) Dimon with 200 bbls. sperm oil, and schr. Leader, (of New London,) Pray, with 3000 seal skins and 50 bbls. seal oil, were seized at St. Carlos, island of Chiloe, (about 600 miles south from Valparaiso,) for passing through an inland channel, which they were compelled to do by stress of weather. Capts. Dimon and Pray would remain to hear from the Chilean Government. The crews of both vessels were turned ashore."

The weather continues excessively hot and oppressive. Sickness is prevalent, and death among children very common. We have had but very little rain in this vicinity for six or eight weeks. The fields are very dry, and fall feed short, which will make winter scarce."

THE ACCIDENT ON THE ERIS RAILROAD. The Goshen Whig says: "One fact should be noticed in this disaster. All who were killed, were standing on the platform of the cars."

LOOK OUT FOR 'EM. Rogues are plenty, and horse stealing no uncommon thing. A long, lean, lantern-jawed piece of rascality, encased in a blue suit, and crowned with a glazed cap trimmed with fur, was discovered on Saturday night, about ten o'clock, prowling round the stable of "mine host" of the Gage House. Several young men gave chase, but he out ran them. An hour later he reappeared, and entered the stable, when two young 'uns made for him. Some how or other he escaped them in the stable and pulled for the bushes. One of them getting near enough, rapped him on the cranium with a small cane, whereupon he wheeled 'bout face, and grappling his antagonist round the throat, gave him a smart choking. While in this position, the other pursuer came up, and with a strip of board, hit him over the head, which felled him to one knee. Knocking his second antagonist "into a cocked hat," or all sprawling, he made good his retreat. It is supposed that he was after a valuable horse, which he had got his eye on. Tuesday it was ascertained that such a looking person came down in the Kennebec on Friday night, and went away in her on Monday. He put up at the "Astor House" of our city, the Augusta House, and on Sunday morning a car, probably made by the strip of board, was noticed on his forehand.

BLOOD HOUNDS ON A RAILROAD. A writer in the Railroad Journal, recommends that the conductors, or some others connected with Railroads, should keep Blood Hounds to trace those who mischievous upon the ways, by which painful accidents so often happen.

It is said they will follow the scent twelve hours after the person is passed. If ever the use of Blood Hounds is justifiable, it is in such cases.

But suppose the miscreant who injures a rail or

passes through a fence, is to be traced, he

will be followed by the hounds, and the

train will be stopped.

It is said they will follow the scent twelve hours after the person is passed. If ever the use of Blood Hounds is justifiable, it is in such cases.

But suppose the miscreant who injures a rail or

passes through a fence, is to be traced, he

will be followed by the hounds, and the

train will be stopped.

It is said they will follow the scent twelve hours after the person is passed. If ever the use of Blood Hounds is justifiable, it is in such cases.

But suppose the miscreant who injures a rail or

passes through a fence, is to be traced, he

will be followed by the hounds, and the

train will be stopped.

It is said they will follow the scent twelve hours after the person is passed. If ever the use of Blood Hounds is justifiable, it is in such cases.

But suppose the miscreant who injures a rail or

passes through a fence, is to be traced, he

will be followed by the hounds, and the

train will be stopped.

It is said they will follow the scent twelve hours after the person is passed. If ever the use of Blood Hounds is justifiable, it is in such cases.

But suppose the miscreant who injures a rail or

passes through a fence, is to be traced, he

will be followed by the hounds, and the

train will be stopped.

It is said they will follow the scent twelve hours after the person is passed. If ever the use of Blood Hounds is justifiable, it is in such cases.

But suppose the miscreant who injures a rail or

passes through a fence, is to be traced, he

will be followed by the hounds, and the

train will be stopped.

It is said they will follow the scent twelve hours after the person is passed. If ever the use of Blood Hounds is justifiable, it is in such cases.

But suppose the miscreant who injures a rail or

passes through a fence, is to be traced, he

will be followed by the hounds, and the

train will be stopped.

The Muse.

[From the Boston Atts.]

A GEM, FROM FANNY FORESTER.

We extract, from the proofsheets of Alderbrook, now in press, by Ticknor & Co., the following touching stanza, written to her mother, by Mrs. Judson, (Fanny Forester,) previous to her voyage from this port, a few weeks ago:

Give me my old seat, Mother,
With my head upon thy knee;
I've passed through many a changing scene,
Since thus I sat by thee.

Oh! let me take into thine eyes—
Their mock, soft, loving light.

Falls, like a gleam of holiness,
Upon my heart, so bright.

I've not been long away, Mother;
Few suns have rose and set

Since last the tear-drop on the cheek
My lips in kisses met.

'Tis but a little time, I know,
But very long it seems;

Though every night I come to thee,
Dear Mother, in my dreams.

The world has kindly dealt, Mother,
By the child thou lov'st so well;

The stars have circled round her path;
And 'twas their holy spell

Which made that path so dearly bright;

Which strewed the roses there;

Which gave the light, and cast the balm

On every breath of air.

I bear a happy heart, Mother;

Yet, when fond eyes I see,

And hear soft tones and winning words,

I ever think of thee.

And then, the tear my spirit weeps

Unbidden fills my eye;

And like a homesick dove, I long

Unto thy breast to fly.

Then, I am very sad, Mother,

I'm very sad and lone;

Oh! there's no heart whose innocent fold

Open to me like thy own!

Though sunny smile wreath blooming lips,

While loves meet my ear;

My Mother, one fond glance of thine

Were thousand times more dear.

Then with a closer clasp, Mother,

Now hold me to thy heart;

I'd feel it beating 'gainst my own,

Once more, before we part.

And, Mother, to this love-lit spot,

When I am far away,

Come oft—too oft thou canst not come!

And for thy darling pray.

The Story Teller.

HOW MR. ABRAM ESTERLEY WAS 'PUT DOWN.'

BY FANNY FORESTER.

"He shall be put down," exclaimed Ada Palmer, a few months ago, stamping her little foot angrily, and tossing her queenly head, till the inward commotion was copied by a whole Niagara of black ringlets. "He is a presuming, ill-bred fellow, and he shall be put down."

It was a fearful fiat, pronounced, as it was, by the lips of beauty; and so awe-stricken were we all that no one ventured to remonstrate; and so we gave, by our silence, a tacit approval of her intended measures.

Every body knows what putting-down means; except, perhaps, a certain meek-minded class who never had a fancy of being up. The world, like verbs, is divided into the active, passive and neuter, and every body comes under one or the other of these heads—the putters-down, the put-down, and those who are not of sufficient consequence to clash with any interests, and keep contentedly to the niche they were born in. To the first of these classes belongs Ada Palmer, by right of birth and the inheritance of belle-bole. I have told you of Ada Palmer before—a witching creature, to whom every one pays allegiance instinctively, and who queens it over Alderbrook like a second Semiramis. I don't know that I have said any thing to you of Mr. Abram Esterley; but you must, nevertheless, have heard of him, for he has written a book; and, moreover, plays the German flute divinely. He is a great man, that Abram Esterley; and wonderful was the commotion at Alderbrook when he first made his appearance among us. But great men are men after all; with noses and chins, and hands boasting the same number of fingers that other hands have; and sometimes, ugly feet and limbs a-la-Pope. We promise worship in the distance, whatever features our veiled prophet may disclose; but when we behold, we quarrel with the hand which has traced no fairer lines on the outer tablet, though all within be glory, than our own fronts exhibit. If every angel that walks the earth, a golden harp hidden deep in the spirit, carried in glory on the brow, and spread the now folded wings in sight of the multitude, earth would become one grand scene of idolatry; for there were angels that remained with us when we lost our Eden. I am not quite sure that young Abram Esterley would unfurl the finest pair of wings, or claim any undue share of devotion; and yet, with more follies than I should care to enumerate to-day, hanging about him like cobweb-wreaths that might easily be scattered, he had a mark upon him which the God-gifted could not fail to recognize. It would have been profanity for any but Ada Palmer to attempt to put him down; but Ada Palmer was never judged like other mortals. Some of the people of Alderbrook said that Mr. Esterley was a man of genius; others, rather hesitatingly gave it as their opinion that he possessed an unusual degree of talent; while, in less than a month, a vast majority pronounced him a fool. They were all right. Men of genius are fools,—the children of light?—a lack wisdom race, of a generation without guile, all truthfulness and simplicity. They are sent out to sow the word with beauty and love; and they must needs have but little earthliness about them to accomplish well their holy mission. Tact and contrivance, and the care which begins and terminates on that which pertains to the outer covering of the spirit are things of earth; and the children of light are seldom burdened with them. So God has not given these angel-ministers of his the serpent-like armor that other men have; but when they are stung to death, he takes them to his own bosom and soothes them into a beauteous rest, for which those who have battled with the world a lifetime are unprepared.

Esterley was a genius,—not of the highest order, and consequently he belonged to a lower order of fools,—those who are determined to make themselves agreeable to the world. The inconsistency of such a course would strike once any man of common sense; but common sense was a quality which Esterley lacked, and so he folded his wings still closer and donned the fool's-cap. When he first came to Alderbrook,

he was feted and toasted like an American Dickens. To-day he dined at Dr. Rowley's, took tea at Deacon Palmer's, and was the hero of a boat-meeting in the evening; the next he breakfasted with lawyer Nicholson and his pretty wife, quite en famille—except some twenty other invited guests; and Julia Sullivan raised a ringing hearty laugh which would have quite provoked Ada to hear. "And how stands the lady's affections?" she finally inquired musingly.

"Why, as to that, Ada Palmer should scarce be judged by the same rule as the rest of us, but she received his attentions very graciously at first."

"He made them too cheap, eh?"

"Possibly."

"Is Ada Palmer malicious?"

"No, no!"

"A little mischievous, then?"

"Perhaps—a very little—but if so, it is an innocent kind of mischief."

"Do you think she will really accomplish her design, and 'put him down'?"

"Unless some one is kind enough to advise him to go away," I answered, looking a little hopefully at Julia Sullivan.

"A very cowardly piece of advice that would be; I hope he will stay. This promises us a little sport—villages are apt to become dull without something of the sort. But you have really no doubt of Ada Palmer's ability to accomplish what she has promised?"

"None at all, unless sharper wits oppose her than Abram Esterley's,—she is all-powerful with us."

"So," said Julia Sullivan, with unusual soberness and severity, "from a foolish whim of hers, a young girl deliberately sets about the ruin of a man of talents and worth, (for this might prove a thing from which Esterley would never recover,) and yet you acquit her of malice."

"I am not sure that Ada would acknowledge all that I have said in Esterley's favor; for her judgment is so much warped that she might call him both silly and heartless. His attempts to please her have betrayed him into a good many extravagances in conversation, and a few in conduct, which certainly have not tended to raise him in her esteem. I will readily acknowledge that Ada's revenge is foolish, but I do not like to think it wicked."

A week passed, and there was scarcely a fire-side at Alderbrook which was not made merry by some ludicrous anecdote of Esterley. Nothing was said to impeach his morals or detract from his intellect, but there were sneers a plenty and ominous smiles; and poor Esterley was rapidly sinking under this newly acquired weight of contempt. He tried to meet it frankly and honestly, but he was too simple-hearted, and only plunged himself into new difficulties. If such was the fun that Julia Sullivan liked, she had plenty of it. But in reality she seemed to have quite forgotten her anticipated amusement. Perhaps it required the week to make the acquaintance of Mr. Esterley; for, during that time, she did not seem to know him at all, but was apparently made most happy by her own popularity as a stranger, an heiress, and a belle. At the end of the week, however, when the tide of public favors had so ebbed from the young poet as to leave him fairly stranded, the gay lady came to the rescue. She laughed when she heard anecdotes of him, said such was always the way in a village society; and maintained that it was a great pity Mr. Esterley should bury himself at Alderbrook, where he could be no better appreciated. It was very daring of Miss Sullivan to make such speeches, if not a little impudent; but she was an heiress, and a belle, and moreover exceedingly good natured, and so we forgive her. Besides this, wherever Julia Sullivan went there was Esterley sure to be. She danced with him, waltzed with him, walked with him; and if Ada Palmer's judgment in such matters may be esteemed infallible, flirted with him most desperately. Ada said that her conduct was shameful; and 'shameful' echoed—one or two. The new belle had stolen from Ada the hearts of her subjects. And Mr. Esterley, unsuspecting innocent! was apparently happy, while Julia Sullivan seemed to glory in her power over him. Ada Palmer had reason to feel mortified, for it was evident that her putting-down plan could not succeed just at present, but she had scarce reason to take it quite to heart. If Abram Esterley were really so contemptible as she had represented him, the heartlessness of Julia Sullivan need in no wise disturb her. Supposing the gay lady did flirt,—what harm? It was a very naughty thing of her to be sure, but then she was a perfectly sent as a scourge, and Esterley of course deserved no sympathy. Why should Ada Palmer look so troubled and annoyed?

Among other gaieties which sprang up beneath the tread of Julia Sullivan, was a party given by Mrs. Rowley, in honor of her guest. Never had the handsome rooms of the doctor's lady glittered with so much brilliancy and beauty. There were not many jewels among the bright curls which nodded there, but there were eyes which sparkled more than jewels; and smiles wreathing lips as beautiful as the half-opened flowers which Mrs. Rowley had thrown about in such tasteful profusion. Rare young creatures, timid and graceful, and happy as bevvies of gay birds in the spring time, flitted about in the soft light, stepping, with their light feet, the echo to music which we, at least, thought most divine. How handsome was every body, and how pleased and self-satisfied every body looked, and of course, felt; for nobody there knew that feigning was one of the first lessons fashion teaches. If they had, I doubt not it would have been learned; for though dame Fashion furnishes spleen with a new and strange timidity. She had entered that room radiant and exulting—careless, and selfish, and almost heartless; she left it meek and gentle, with but one feeling swelling at her heart, and that all for another. Thank God for the power of loving!—the wild human heart is scarce tamed without it. Every body observed the change in Ada, but every body did not know its cause, though Julia Sullivan, as she was taking her leave, glided to my side and whispered, "Look at her—dear Ada Palmer! I feared she was not worthy of him—blessings on her sweet, loving heart!"

Such times as we are to have in Alderbrook (*entre nous*) to-morrow evening, dear reader! Such ransacking of shops for French slippers and white kid gloves, and such discussions about flowers, and laces, and ribbons, and fans, as we have! You would think Queen Victoria had come over to dine with brother Jonathan, and the receiving committee resided at Alderbrook. But it is something more important than that; and the eyes of Julia Sullivan are swimming in sympathetic happiness, even while she privately laughs over her grand *coup de main*. I wonder if any body has thought what a poet could do with a fortune? I am sure Abram Esterley has not.

EXTENSIVELY LAID OUT. A plain old father had a son much given to the vanities of the toilet, and on coming home in a new fashioned great coat, with something less than a score of capes, was asked what kind of *thatching* he had got on his shoulders.

"Capes—only capes, father."

"So, so!" said the old man, passing his hand over them. "Cape Hatters, Cape Henlopen, I suppose; and here," clapping his hand on his son's head, "the *Light House*."

"Ma," said an inquisitive little girl, "will rich and poor people live together when they go up to heaven?"

"Yes, my dear, they will be all alike there."

"Then, ma, why don't rich and poor christians associate together here?"

The mother did not answer.

"How seldom it happens," remarked one friend to another, "that we find editors bred to the business."

"Indeed, I scarce know, myself, but I believe the fault is mostly his own. He is always saying and doing things which, if not precisely rude, approach a little too near it."

"Intentionally?"

"O, no! Mr. Esterley would go down on his knees to any body that he thought he had offended, even by a look. That is one of his foibles."

"How then has he so provoked the enmity of Ada Palmer? He must have done something in particular in that case, for she does not seem ill-natured, though perhaps a little too spirited."

"Nothing in particular, but a great deal in general. The truth is, Mr. Esterley has no tact, no sense of propriety, I was about to say, but I will not; though certainly he does not always display the wisdom that a man of genius should—"

"But he is upright and honorable?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And possessed of talent?"

"No one questions that."

"He is not heartless?"

"On the contrary, he is as sensitive as a little child, and full of kindness and affection for every body—Ada Palmer particularly."

"Aha! in that it? Put him down, will she?"

and Julia Sullivan raised a ringing hearty laugh which would have quite provoked Ada to hear.

"And how stands the lady's affections?" she finally inquired musingly.

"Why, as to that, Ada Palmer should scarce be judged by the same rule as the rest of us, but she received his attentions very graciously at first."

"He made them too cheap, eh?"

"Possibly."

"Is Ada Palmer malicious?"

"No, no!"

"A little mischievous, then?"

"Perhaps—a very little—but if so, it is an innocent kind of mischief."

"Do you think she will really accomplish her design, and 'put him down'?"

"Unless some one is kind enough to advise him to go away," I answered, looking a little hopefully at Julia Sullivan.

"A very cowardly piece of advice that would be; I hope he will stay. This promises us a little sport—villages are apt to become dull without something of the sort. But you have really no doubt of Ada Palmer's ability to accomplish what she has promised?"

"None at all, unless sharper wits oppose her than Abram Esterley's,—she is all-powerful with us."

"As if they feared the light."

"Like little mice, mole in end out."

"As if they feared the light."

"Like little mice, mole in end out."

"As if they feared the light."

"Like little mice, mole in end out."

"As if they feared the light."

"Like little mice, mole in end out."

"As if they feared the light."

"Like little mice, mole in end out."

"As if they feared the light."

"Like little mice, mole in end out."

"As if they feared the light."

"Like little mice, mole in end out."

"As if they feared the light."

"Like little mice, mole in end out."

"As if they feared the light."

"Like little mice, mole in end out."

"As if they feared the light."

"Like little mice, mole in end out."

"As if they feared the light."

"Like little mice, mole in end out."

</div